EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

BRONOWSKI ON EINSTEIN

THE Nation

MARCH 17, 1956
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Report From Israel

Guns of Galilee

by Dan Wakefield

TV and the '56 Campaign

by C. A. Siepmann

Truman's Memoirs: A Cold-War Analysis

by George Dangerfield

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The Brokers Liked Ike

San Francisco

"BOY, if Ike doesn't run now I'm gonna be a Democrat," says one investor.

"If he doesn't run he doesn't get my vote," declares another customer, more waggishly.

It is 7 A. M. on February 29 in a brokerage office in a swank suburban college town in the San Francisco Bay area. It is the day President Eisenhower will reveal whether he will accept renomination. Normally only one or two employees would be on hand. This morning to catch the opening of the New York Stock Exchange (it is 10 A. M. in the East) there are already eight men facing the blackboard in front of the room. Their eyes are on the magnified projection of the moving ticker tape. Two employees are hurriedly chalking quotations on the board.

An uncommon tension is in the air. Conversation seems a bit freer than usual and a little louder. At 7:14 A. M. one of the firm's most active stock-market traders, well-tailored, well-barbered and bow-tied, strides in. "By jingo," a broker calls, "you're up early."

"By jingo," says Active Trader, "for me I really am. Didn't go to bed till midnight. Tape late?"

"Yep. Has been several times."

"Well, I think that's to be expected. Put in for 300 You-Know-What at market, limit to one-half. Better still, put it in till tomorrow. I think that'll do it. It'll be a hectic day, today." Sinking into a cushioned chair, he reacts to the tape. "Eastern Air Lines 49½. My goodness!"

The tension grows. Only two more minutes and Eisenhower will begin talking to reporters in Washington.

At 7:30 the broker is on the phone again. "He might not make the announcement for a half hour or so. And he might say he'll give his answer in a radio speech tonight—something like that."

At 7:40 a customer asks, "Are the averages on the wire?" They are. The Dow-Jones industrial average is up 2.70. Active Trader blares, "A new high by one cent! Is that right?" A broker nods.

Suddenly several stocks, among them U. S. Steel and Curtiss-Wright, drop a few eighths in price. A worried voice asks, "Did Ike say no?"

By 7:50 stocks seem down a little more. A trader guesses, "Some signal's gotten out he ain't gonna run."

At 7:52 the teletypewriter clatters an announcement. "Flash!" a broker reads off "Eisenhower Will RUN!"

"There she goes!" trumpets a thin, gray trader. "Look at Bessie!"

BESSIE (Bethlehem Steel) is up to 155, U. S. Steel to 58, Anaconda Copper is rising. Someone says happily, "Crazy, isn't it?" Someone else says apprehensively, "Now the market'll go down. Everyone'll take a profit."

"Seventy-eight and three-quarters on Anaconda," bellows Thin Gray Trader. "Ike's runnin' now. Chalk that three-quarters up there," he directs the man at the board. He slips a broker a written order.

"Ike's coming in now!" someone rejoices.

"It won't mean anything," says an unshaven man next to him. "It's just a psychological reaction. It'll sell off tonight."

"Hello," a broker gasps into the phone. "He's running!"

Volume to 11 o'clock on the New York Stock Exchange is announced as 900,000 shares compared to 420,000 the day before.

By 8:11 all the seats are filled. Onlookers are standing three-deep in the rear. "Let's take a coffee break," says Active Trader, rising. Three friends file out with him.

By 8:21 someone asks, "Do you know if Ike said anything about Nixon?" No reply is heard.

"Uh uh," says a broker worriedly. "Looks as though it's running out of gas. But the tape is sixteen minutes late on the upside."

At 8:41 when the Coffee Breakers return the tape is eighteen minutes behind.

Active Trader pounces on a seat that empties. He surveys the board. "It certainly isn't acting very strong . . . on that voume," he says a bit nervously. "A lot of bouncing in there. They're not acting the way they should at all. Got to get the profit-taking out of the way. Very disappointing . . . on the volume. Not good—I don't think—unless it turns around. By the end of the day we'll have a pretty good idea."

"Certainly a disappointing rise," a septuagenarian agrees with him.

"You might also say they're taking it up well," interposes a man in a heavy leather jacket. "They're taking the offerings very well. What do you think, Charley?"

Charley, in a double-breasted suit, mutters, "Can't expect a miracle. You can't stretch a balloon farther than it'll go."

"The brokers are the ones making money today," comments someone.

"If it won't go up if he's running," says Active Trader, "what would it do if he'd said *no*!" He shudders.

"Well, I still contend its's a good time to stay out of the market till after the national conventions," says the septuagenarian. "A lot can happen till then."

"The market is churning," mutters Active Trader. "It's fighting that all-time high. There's profit-taking."

By 9:30 the tape is on time.

"Well, the big storm is over," says Active Trader. He settles back and lights a cigarette.

"And it came to pass . . ." says a broker. "Now what's the next major uncertainty?"

EDWIN A. GROSS.

[*Edwin A. Gross makes his money as an author and spends some of it in brokerage houses.*]

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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Armaments Control: A New Start?

WITHIN the past few weeks there have been two important moves toward the international control of armaments. One, President Eisenhower's letter of March 1 to Marshal Bulganin, hit the front pages all over the world. The other, the start of a serious study of disarmament by a special Senate subcommittee headed by Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, has been noted on the back pages when it has been noted at all.

The President's letter is an encouraging sign of a new interest and flexibility on the part of our own government in his central problem of the contemporary world. Yet of the two, the Senate study may well have the greater and more lasting effect. Much prominence has been given to the President's new proposal to consider excluding the future production of fissionable materials from weapons stockpiles. But when Admiral Strauss appeared before the Senate disarmament subcommittee on March 7, he took pains to point out that this proposal was conditional upon the prior adoption and satisfactory operation of the Eisenhower "open-skies" inspection plan. A good many of our free-world allies have indicated privately, and a few publicly, their belief that the Soviets will never accept inspection in advance of agreement on substantive measures of arms control.

The Senate disarmament subcommittee, authorized last July, began its public hearings on January 25 with Harold Stassen, the President's special assistant on disarmament. The Senate caucus room was largely vacant and the nation's press carried hardly a line about it. Somewhat more notice was given to Secretary Dulles' appearance for two hours on February 29; but the press coverage was based primarily on a routine State Department release rather than upon the Secretary's more revealing and significant answers to extensive questioning. Chairman Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Senator Flanders, accompanied by Colonel Richard S. Leghorn, testified on March 7; but the Admiral, unlike Secretary Dulles, ducked many of the most penetrating questions or put them off to a secret session.

Although technically only a special subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, this is no ordinary subcommittee. By deliberate design its membership includes, in addition to Chairman Humphrey, five other members of the Foreign Relations Committee, four members of the Armed Services Committee and two members of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Such membership insures that all important aspects of the subject will be covered—international relations, military and atomic energy. It is already apparent from the first two hearings that the subcommittee, and particularly Chairman Humphrey, are not looking for headlines, but neither are they shying from an examination of the important central problems in this area.

As a nation we have been drifting along since the U. N.'s "majority plan" for atomic-energy control was evolved in September, 1947, distracted by day-to-day developments in the international field and unconsciously hoping that if the problem of atomic control were ignored it might go away. But far from disappearing, this problem has become more and more unmanageable as stocks of fissionable materials for bombs have grown in this country, the USSR and Great Britain. The destructive power of these stocks of fissionables has been multiplied by a factor of at least 100 and probably closer to 1,000 by the development of the fission-fusion-fission bomb. The scientific correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* has estimated within the past month that the accumulated stockpiles are now sufficient in Great Britain for 2,000 to 4,000 bombs, in Russia for 10,000 and in the United States for 35,000. That these estimates are not unreasonable is suggested by the recent U. S. announcement that 40,000 kilograms of U-235 would be made available over a period of time for atomic-power development. That is enough for 8,000 bombs at the five kilograms-per-bomb figure used by the *Guardian*.

IN THEIR testimony Mr. Stassen and Mr. Dulles both stressed the point that all previous U. S. positions on armaments control were formally "reserved"—in other words withdrawn—at the U. N. discussions last September, when it was shown that no effective technical method is now known for accounting fully for all past production of fissionable materials. Thus at the moment the United States has no arms-control plan of any kind before the U. N. President Eisenhower's "open-skies" proposal of last July is only a scheme for a warning device; it includes no plan for reduction of armaments, atomic or otherwise. The present Administration deserves some credit for bringing this question of accounting for past production into the open, even though, as Senator Humphrey pointed out on March 7, it was done

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two and a half years after the Administration came into office and the problem has been known to exist at least since the Soviets tested their first atomic bomb in September, 1949. The problem has been present in its crucial form ever since this country exploded the first hydrogen bomb in November, 1952, since it was then demonstrated that the destructive power of fissionable stocks must be re-calculated by a factor of at least a hundred.

Senator Humphrey urged Secretary Dulles to develop and present a complete new arms-control plan adapted to the present situation, and the Secretary admitted that this finally might be done. Indeed he went further to indicate—as Mr. Stassen has also done on other occasions—the form that such a plan would have to take: the limitation and control of carriers of fission and fusion weapons, primarily planes and missiles. The Secretary gave no indication, however, that any such proposal was in the immediate offing, and the realistic prospect—despite the President's March 1 letter to Marshal Bulganin—is another more-or-less futile session of the five-power disarmament subcommittee of the U. N., which is to resume its meetings in London on March 19.

The Senate disarmament subcommittee has announced that, after hearing Secretary of Defense Wilson, it will hear non-governmental witnesses in Washington and subsequently in the field. Various university scientists and technicians have been invited to submit their views. The country will certainly benefit from these hearings—at the very least by bringing the essential facts on the subject out from behind the foggy curtains of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Pentagon, and perhaps by prodding officialdom into doing what Mr. Stassen was appointed to do a year ago—develop a comprehensive U. S. plan for arms control.

THE GUNS OF GALILEE

An Eyewitness Account . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Tiberias, Israel

THERE ARE nights when the fishermen of Galilee work in the face of cold rain and high waves. And there are nights when they work in the face of bullets from the Syrian side of the shore. When the small fleet of two-oared boats pushes off every afternoon from Tiberias its sailors never know what the evening will bring—for the weather, the fish and the Syrians are all unpredictable.

Last December 11 the Israeli army made its now famous raid on the Syrian post in retaliation for the frequent firing on fishing boats from Israel on the Sea of Galilee. According to terms of the Israel-Syrian armistice agreement of '49, the lake (which is known to Christians as the Sea of Galilee, to Arabs as Lake Tiberias and to Israelis as Lake Kinneret) was to be in Israel territory. Israeli fishermen were to have the rights of the water, plus a ten-meter strip of shoreline that bordered on Syrian territory in the northeast quarter of the lake. But boats going into the northeast sector (which is one of the richest fishing grounds of the lake) were fired on and shelled by Syrian army installations, and more than thirty-five Israeli fishermen were killed or wounded there since 1950. Israel's raid of retaliation brought a strong motion of censure from the United Nations on January 19—but the guns from Syria were quiet for a while. They started again on February 23, and three times in twenty-four hours fishermen were forced to leave their nets and head for safety. Last week three Israeli policemen were killed on the lake.

Correspondent in Israel

Dan Wakefield, whose articles in *The Nation* have created wide-spread comment, has been sent by us to Israel to cover the dramatic events now unfolding in that young country. This is the first of a series he will be dispatching in the coming weeks.—THE EDITORS.

It was two days after the Syrian firing had begun again that a stranger from America asked Nasim, a Tiberias fisherman, to let him go out in his boat. Nasim's great gold tooth showed in a smile that lifted his broad mustache, and he pointed across the lake.

"We go over there," he said, "where the Syrians are. The fish are there too."

The stranger agreed, and at four o'clock he got in the blue wooden boat with Nasim, Ali and Abraham. The fourth member of the regular crew didn't show up, and after a while Nasim gave the order to pull away, and turned to the American.

"You like to fish? I think you get a lesson in fishing tonight."

Ali, a square-built twenty-year-old boy with a constant smile, pulled the rope of the small outboard motor and boat *107* headed toward the green mountains of Syria. Nasim began to sing, and Ali leaned forward and spoke to the stranger.

"You go to the movies in America?" he said.

The stranger turned around in surprise, and said he thought Nasim was the only fisherman in Tiberias who spoke English.

"I learn in school and the movies," said Ali. "I know all the stars. Audie Murphy. *To Hell and Back*. You know Audie Murphy?"

"This boat," Nasim said proudly, "the only one on the lake, has two men speak English. I learn in the British army, in the war with Germany. You remember that war?"

Abraham spoke up from the front

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of the boat in Arabic. His dark face was frowning, and the green knit cap that was pulled down over his ears made him look like a pouting child. Nasim laughed and told the American that Abraham felt bad because he knew only Arabic and Hebrew and couldn't tell what was being said. Abraham began to sing in Arabic, and Nasim and Ali winked at the stranger and laughed and joined the singing. The sun was getting low as the boat veered toward Capernaum, on the northwest coast of the lake. The fishermen stopped to let out the nets for testing before getting close to the Syrians.

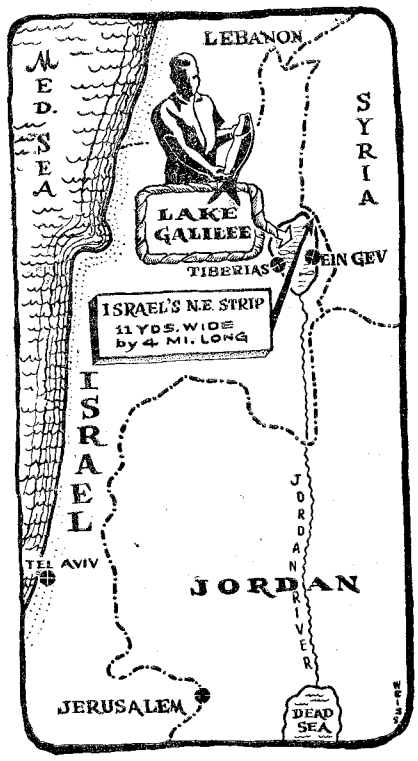
"You hungry, eat now," said Nasim when the nets had been folded in again. He pulled up a canvas bag from the bottom of the boat, took out a huge loaf of bread, broke it in two and handed half to the stranger. Ali's hand reached over the stranger's shoulder and put a dozen slices of sausage in front of him. The men ate quickly, without speaking, and Nasim stood up and rubbed his stomach.

"Now we fish," he said.

The boat hummed back on its course toward Syria, and cut off the motor at sight of a grey launch that looked like a landing craft sitting out in the lake off the Syrian coast. It was the Israel armored police boat that had come to watch over the fishermen because of the shooting.

Nasim stood up and said "Shalom." The Israeli police, sitting on the edge of the deck with their legs dangling over the side, waved back. Three more fishing boats were rowing in from the south, and the four of them nestled up against the armored launch like baby ducks beside a mother. The police officer in charge stood up and took the names of the fishing-boat captains, and gave orders for them to head straight to Tiberias and yell identification as they passed the police if the Syrians started shooting.

The police and the fishermen joked with each other, and then the voices fell off, one by one, and the lake was quiet. The officer in charge lit a cigarette and waved off the boats. They scattered slowly, turning into black silhouettes in the last grey light after sunset. The darkness came suddenly. Sounds of wooden mallets beating the bottom of the boats to attract the fish as the nets were let out drummed across the



lake from several directions. A man's voice made a call like an owl from the Syrian side of the shore.

Nasim shoved one of the long wooden oars toward the stranger and instructed him to pull or push a stroke at the commands "forward" and "backward." Abraham who was manning the other oar, would be given his commands in Arabic. Nasim sat in the stern with Ali and the two of them handled the nets. The boat was about one hundred yards from the shore—and the Syrian guns.

"Hey American," Ali said. "You ever been to Paris?"

"No," said the stranger.

"I want to go to Paris," said Ali. He leaned across his oar, and his eyes grew large. He spoke in a whisper, as if he were telling a dark and mysterious secret.

"I want to see the world," he said.

Nasim and Abraham had finished letting out the nets, and the boat headed back toward the floating gasoline can that marked their beginning. Nasim gave quiet commands of "forward," and "backward," as he and Abraham gathered in the nets. Occasionally there was the "swish-swish" sound of a fish pulled up and a silver shape twisted for a moment in Nasim's hands. When the empty can that marked the last of the nets was brought in, Nasim gave the order to row down the shore for a try at another spot. The stranger asked where the Syrians were.

Nasim pointed to a spot somewhere north of the lights of kibbutz Ein Gev—the last Israeli settlement along the lake before the Syrian border cuts in.

"There," he said, and his arm moved in an arc that took in the shore facing the boat and stopped at the northernmost tip of the lake. Then his arm moved back and stretched toward a spot about fifty yards north of the boat.

"The other night they shoot from there," he said.

The boat was about a hundred yards offshore, but beyond a line of trees by the water, everything was dark. Two small orange lights stared out from the hills like a pair of eyes that were watching the lake. Ali bent down in the boat and lit a cigarette.

"How you like the fishing?" he asked the stranger.

"Fine."

"Fishing is not for me," said Ali. "You know what I want? I want to be an adventure man. Did you see the movie—*The Tall Men*?"

Nasim pushed the empty gasoline can in the water again. Ali and the stranger pulled on the almost shapeless oars that were attached to the boat with ropes that fitted over wooden pegs. The ritual of laying and gathering the nets was repeated again and again until the stranger felt the very momentum would keep the little boat and its fishermen moving on the lake for eternity, laying and gathering nets.

AFTER several hours Nasim lowered the outboard motor and the boat headed back until the image of the block-shaped police launch appeared. An officer called from the deck behind the light of a cigarette. Nasim gave his name and his thanks, and the small boat bobbed on ahead toward the center of the lake.

"Fishing not so good tonight," Nasim said. "We try another place."

"I thought this place was best," said the stranger.

"Tonight not so good. So we leave," Nasim said.

His gold tooth appeared in the dark and he said "We go there for fish—not Syrians."

Abraham, pulling his cap down over his ears to shut out the unknown English, began to sing again. Directly ahead, the 2,000-year-old city of Tiberias pointed in a V-shape

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of lights toward the north. It was almost midnight.

The water was rough when the boat stopped off the northern shore for more fishing, and after putting out the nets several times there was rain in the wind. Nasim said this was a good time for sleep. Old coats were tugged from the back of the boat for blankets. The men lay down in the boat and pulled the coats around them.

"Hey American," Ali said. "How many hours does a man in America work—a working man?"

"Forty hours," the stranger said.

Ali raised up and brushed his hand back over his bushy black hair so it stood up higher.

"Forty hours a day?" he said.

"A week," said the stranger. "Eight hours a day."

Ali sat still for a while and then he said, "I think I want to go to America."

"Ah," Nasim said, "You are young."

"You are crazy," said Ali. "We work from the sun goes down to when the sun comes up."

"But the summer," Nasim said. "We have the summer."

"What happens in the summer?" the stranger asked.

"No fishing," Nasim said.

"What do you do?"

"We go to Tel Aviv, Haifa, have a good time. We fix the boats, walk in the town. We sit and talk."

"This summer," said Ali, "I will work and make money to go see France. I have an uncle in Paris."

Nasim pulled the blanket up over his head and said, "The boy is young."

It was four o'clock when Nasim stood up in the boat and called the others to wake for more fishing. His hands were on his hips, and his legs were bowed at the knees. In his high black boots and the white Arabic *kafia* that was wound around his head and face to protect it from the wind, he looked like a veteran pirate. All around him, the world was heavy grey. When the sun finally bulged above the Syrian mountains Nasim and Abraham pulled in the nets with the last catch, and the boat was prepared for home.

HOME meant the "old town" part of Tiberias, that has sat along the waterfront since before 20 A. D., under rules of Romans, Arabs, Turks and Jews. It is scarred by its years and the dynamite of Israel's war of independence in '48 that left many of its buildings in near shambles. This is where the fishermen live and sell their catch. Behind it the "new city," started in 1912, reaches up the hills to the north. There were barefoot children waiting for the fishing boats, and an ancient man on a donkey cart who hauls the boxes of fish to the markets.

Two other boats were already in when Nasim's boat reached the dock. The fishermen on shore had spread their nets from a series of trees, and were kneading them with their hands, pulling out seaweed and tangled places. A tall, bearded young man in a yellow-and-black checked shirt ran over to Nasim, spoke quickly, and tugged at his sweater. Nasim only smiled and the man ran off to tug at other fishermen, and finally capturing one, hurried to a house about twenty yards away.

"What's he doing?" said the stranger.

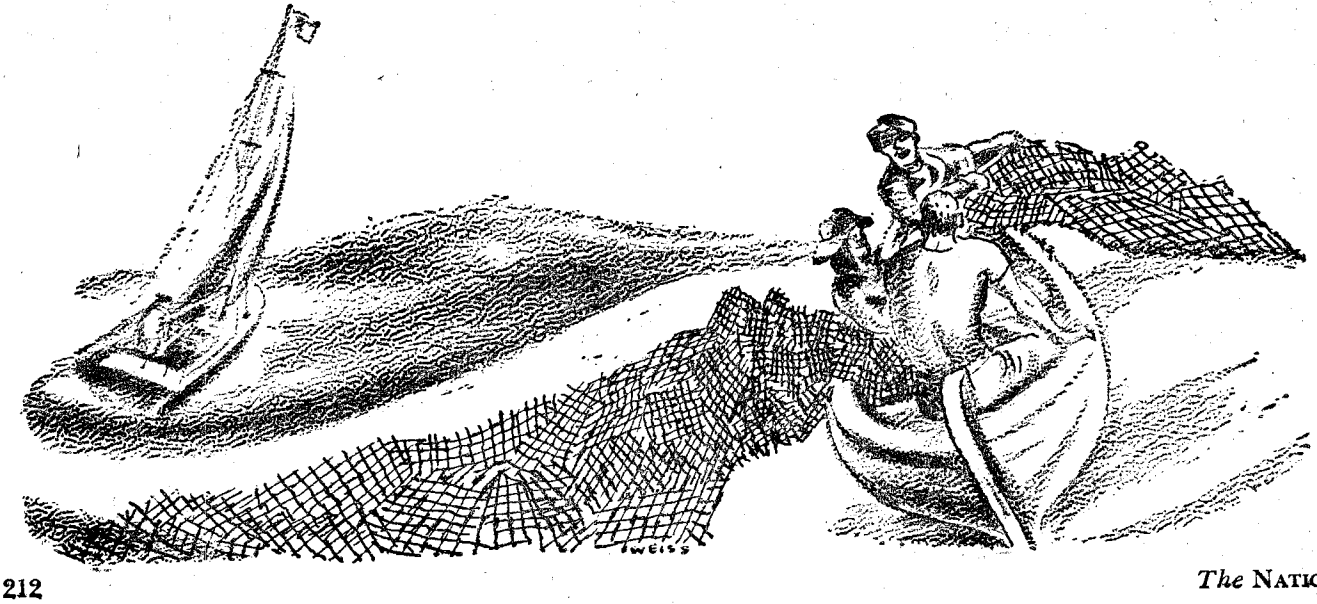
"He heard about his boat being shot at over the radio two days ago," Nasim said. "Now he runs in to hear the news every day to see if it talks about the fishermen."

Ali filled two long boxes with the fish from the night's catch, and they were loaded on the old man's donkey cart for the trip of some fifty yards up the dirt road to the market. Another boat's fishermen were there in the barren "market" with their catch, settling the fish on the small scales until the weight on the other side was tipped to the floor. The buyer sat on a stool in the middle of the room, making marks with a pencil on the margin of a torn sheet of newspaper. The fishermen stood in a circle around him, watching, and some drifted out to sit on the edge of the open storefront and talk.

There was yelling down the street, and in a moment the young bearded man who had wanted to hear the news broadcast ran in the room and spoke excitedly. The fishermen nudged each other and laughed and talked. No one watched the scales for a while. Nasim came over and explained to the stranger.

"He says we were on the radio again. The radio says we weren't shot last night."

The young bearded man ran out in the street again, evidently on his way to tell the rest of the town. Ali, who was chewing on a hunk of bread that was left from the night before, motioned Nasim to the scales. It was time to weigh the day's work.



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ALGERIAN DILEMMA

The Risks for France . . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris, March 12

NEARLY half of the thickly-inhabited parts of Algeria (most of them are along the Mediterranean coast) are "entirely controlled by the Algerian insurrection" or are considered as either "a zone of intense military activity" or "a zone of relative insecurity." The armed rebellion has not yet assumed vast proportions, but if there were 2,000 armed rebels a year ago, their number is estimated to have risen to 20,000 or 30,000. And, as Mendes-France forecast in his election campaign, their numbers may rise to hundreds of thousands by summer. They are no longer composed of small units armed with knives and some old rifles; they wear uniforms and are armed with machine guns and even some heavier equipment. Practically the entire Moslem population of Algeria is on their side, cooperating with them actively or passively.

Writing in *France-Observateur*, H. de Galard, an authority on Algeria, says that "you cannot fight with tanks against the state of mind of eight million people." Yet that is precisely what the French government is proposing to do. Now that the Algerian troops in the French army are no longer considered reliable (the government was badly shaken by the fifty Algerian soldiers who recently defected to the rebels), the question has arisen of sending to Algeria hundreds of thousands of French soldiers. The matter is far more serious than in Indo-China, where the fighting was done by the Foreign Legion, various colonial troops and highly-paid French volunteers. In Algeria, the government will simply use the conscript army—a step which will have the gravest repercussions in France itself. There will be the danger of military mutinies of the kind that took place last summer at Rouen and elsewhere when conscripts demonstrated against being sent to North Africa "to fight for big business"; the danger of financial chaos as a result of a long-drawn-out war (Indo-China cost France about ten billion dollars); the danger of a civil-war atmosphere developing inside France with the majority of the people clamoring for a peace settlement while a financially powerful minority, comprising Poujade and other fascist elements, demand an all-out war, complete with napalm and mass-bombings; the danger of an anti-French revolt spreading through the whole Arab world, especially to Morocco and Tunisia, where extremist feeling would swamp men like the Sultan of Morocco and Bourguiba, the Tunisian Nationalist leader, who are at present still willing to cooperate with the French.

IN THE present state of insecurity the "truly democratic election" in Algeria that some Frenchmen have been advocating seems out of the question; but, in view of the pressure brought to bear on the Guy Mollett government by the panicky one-million-strong French community in Algeria, the only rational solution—i. e., negotiating with the rebels—has been cast aside. There is a grave possibility that the government's Socialist leaders will make the same mistake as other Socialists made at the beginning of the war in Indo-China, when under the pressure of the diehard "Saigon clique" they refused to negotiate with Ho Chi-minh, hoping to crush the rebellion in a short time. One argument today is that there are no "representative" Algerians with whom to negotiate—which means that the existence of two moderate Algerian Nationalist parties, Messali Hadj's MLDT and Ferhad Abbas' UDMA, both of which could be of great help, is being deliberately ignored.

On this issue there appear to be grave differences of opinion inside the government. It is known that Mendes-France is deeply worried about the way the settlers and big business have won over Premier Mollet and Foreign Minister Lacoste. It is significant that *Express*, the Paris daily founded last October and which represented the views of Mendes-France, should have closed down this week to reappear later this month as a weekly. With a circulation of 120,000, the paper almost made ends meet, and its "suicide" as a daily is not due to financial difficulties but is rather a confession of failure on the part of the former Premier's followers. There is much speculation in Paris on whether, and at what moment, Mendes-France will resign from the present government, or whether he will continue to consider the present Republican Front a lesser evil. Yet if the Algerian situation continues to deteriorate, the regime will have to forego Communist support for that of the Right. On the other hand, there may well be a rebellion inside the Socialist Party.

At the other extreme, the search for scapegoats has led some French business interests to consider the United States the real villain in North Africa. The business newsletter *Perspectives* says:

> Ultimately, everything in Morocco depends on the United States. The Americans want to play a leading part in North Africa, and especially in Morocco, just as they are doing in South Vietnam. They want to turn the Sultan or his son into another Diem, another Syngman Rhee, and take our place. If they persist in this game, they will break with France. There are already strong anti-American currents in France, and if we lose North Africa through the fault of the Americans, it will be the end of the Atlantic Alliance as far as we are concerned. American bases in France will be set on fire; American convoys will be destroyed. American officers will be murdered. France will be thrown into the arms of Russia. America must choose between 42,000,000 Arabs and 43,000,000 Frenchmen.

This is the kind of thinking which last week led to the anti-American riots in Tunis.

ALEXANDER WERTH is The Nation's *Paris correspondent.*

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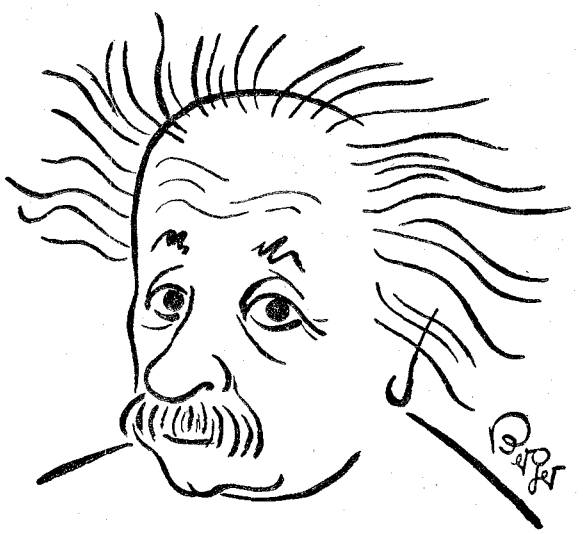
EINSTEIN'S INFLUENCE

A Fellow-Scientist's Tribute . . *by J. Bronowski*

THE life of Albert Einstein, who was born on March 14, 1879, marked a heroic age in two senses. In his lifetime, in great part by his works, were formed the new concepts of large- and small-scale physics which have profoundly affected man's thinking. And also in his lifetime the unwritten tradition of free and open speculation on which for him all science rested was often challenged and with his aid defended.

The world has long seen in Albert Einstein something greater than the originator of scientific theories. It has seized in Einstein's thought some gift of imagination which has leaped from his mind to ours, and which in one lifetime has shown us nature, not as a ready-made machine, but as an exciting and largely unread book filled with endless unforeseen speculations. Einstein remade the outlook of his generation and of those that will follow as I think it has been remade only twice before in the history of Europe since the Renaissance —by Newton and by Darwin.

Of course the world is also full of people who are blind to the powerful influence of science in exploding and re-creating the whole intellectual outlook of modern men. They are people to whom science is nothing but a heap of gadgets, who, still educated in a language in which science is not understood, regard the work of scientists only as a crust on our commonplace living. But what Newton did, what Darwin did, what Einstein did is to penetrate our lives to the core by a process of intellectual discovery more radical than the invention of printing.



The great revolutionary minds in science have been thinkers rather than inventors, rather than experimenters. And it was not the complexity but the simplicity of their thought which made it a challenge to everything that the rest of the world had taken for granted; which enabled it three times to conquer the thinking world.

Newton, Darwin and Einstein were none of them in any sense brilliant thinkers. Not one of them was quick at academic research or crackling with the fireworks of invention. In fact, all three were fairly slow boys at school and college. All three made their discoveries outside the universities, in solitary and rather forbidding study. And all three brought to the study of nature the searching simplicity which hermits once turned on their visions.

Albert Einstein was born in a Jewish family in a small South German community. His father never did well in business and moved to Switzerland and later to Italy, always in search of better luck. The boy Albert was left behind at school in Germany and ran away. Later he went to college in Switzerland, and he describes the difficulties he had in doing well in his courses, largely because he could not be interested in the university curriculum, even in his own subject, which was physics. After getting his degree he had no university prospects and had to take a job as a minor official in the Swiss patent office. He did his own thinking in the evenings, and he was still working in the Swiss patent office when he published his first great papers in 1905.

This was the *annus mirabilis*, the year in which the young man of twenty-six wrote three papers which made tremendous advances in three separate branches of physics—the theory of light, the theory of those small movements on the trembling surface of liquids or in tobacco smoke which are called the Brownian movement, and the Special Theory of Relativity. To the world at large Einstein's name is linked with relativity and nothing else. This is not unfair, because certainly relativity is his largest single achievement, both in the scale of the revolution he made and the solitariness with which he worked in this field. By contrast, his other work, which is essentially related to the new quantum physics, was based on ideas which had been published rather tentatively by Max Planck in 1900 and on which, then and ever since, numbers of bright young physicists

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were working. And yet, although the most adventurous and the most monolithic of Einstein's contributions has been concerned with relativity, we must not forget that at this time and until 1920 or so he was also a leader in framing the concepts of quantum physics. Everything Einstein did that year has the same simple intellectual grandeur. It looks into the heart of physics.

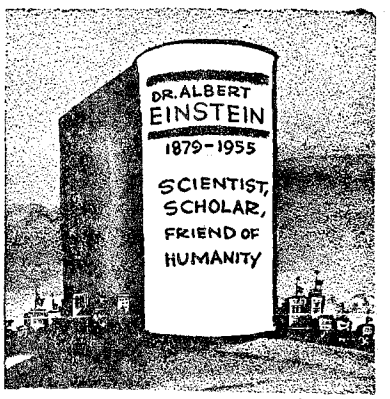
Let me play the doctor as well as the historian for a moment and lay bare the heart of physics as it was in 1905. The heart seemed sound, but it had developed a small murmur which was nagging at the peace of mind of thoughtful scientists. The heart was sound in the sense that the triumphant laws in which Newton, more than two hundred years before, had suddenly given order to nature could still be tested, day in and day out, and found right almost everywhere. But only *almost* everywhere. There was a small murmur of exceptions: the planet Mercury was not quite keeping time; the speed of light refused to behave as classical physics expected; and the electrons which had been discovered a few years earlier, in 1897, seemed to change their mass as they changed their speed. These could be taken as three minor irregularities, and physicists were trying to think of minor ways of tinkering with Newton's laws to make them cover these exceptions.

THE minor adjustments were not getting physics forward, and it is characteristic of Einstein that he never had any truck with them. From the outset he looked for no ingenious gloss on the laws of physics, and for no minute error of formulation. He set himself to look at the unwritten assumptions on which the laws themselves were built, and asked whether it might not be there that the flaw in the nineteenth-century physics was hidden.

These unwritten assumptions had been clear to Newton back in 1666, when he had made his own great discoveries as a young man of twenty-three. I have always said that Newton had just that directness of mind which Einstein now exercised, and Newton knew what assumptions he was making: he had simply found them unavoidable. The lesser scientists who followed him, however, had rarely spared these assumptions a thought. Put in scientific terms, the assumptions were that space and time are given to us absolutely. They are, as it were, fixed boxes in which the events of the world occur, and they are the same for every observer. Put more generally, the assumptions take for granted a sharp division between the observer and the natural world that he observes. Classical physics saw nature as a chain or network of events which unrolls itself in imperturbable sequence, and of which the observer is a witness but not a link. The observer since Newton's day had been a god, altogether outside the machine of the physical world.

What Einstein, from the beginning of his thinking, asked about this majestic view was not whether it was true in some abstract sense, whether it could be metaphysically held, but whether it was practical. Does science in fact record impersonal events? Can it distil the event from our observation of it? Once the question is asked, the answer is plain, and the answer is no. Physics as we practice it does not consist of events; it consists of observations. And between the event and those who observe it there must pass a signal, a ray of light, perhaps, a wave or an impulse, which simply cannot be taken out of the observation. Event, signal and observation: this is the relationship which Einstein saw as the fundamental unit in physics. Relativity is the understanding of the world not as events but as relations.

Something like this had been said by philosophers for some time—that science must get rid of abstractions and make its system only out of what is in fact observed. Einstein himself acknowledged his intellectual debt to philosophers of science—Ernst Mach in Vienna, Henri Poincare in Paris, and the first and greatest skeptic about our habits in and outside science, the eighteenth-century British philosopher David Hume. But it is a long cry from laying down a philosophic law on how science should or should not be carried out and actually persuading the man at the bench, or the man who has to work with a slide rule and pencil and paper. Einstein was the first practicing scientist who took this kind of philosophy seriously, as something more than a pious impractical hope. He put it into equations, and within a few years physicists were astonished to find that it explained the erratic behavior of Mercury and predicted the bending of light near the sun. It had linked mass and energy from Einstein's first papers.



Partymiller in York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily

I WANT to underline the content of these ideas, because they go beyond the field of physics. This is a view of science, and indeed of all knowledge, not as a mechanical record but as an activity. Einstein had not asked himself what space and time are; he had asked how physical observers carry out the process of measuring them. For example, how do two observers at a distance apart compare their times? They can do so only by sending a signal from one to the other, and the signal itself takes time to travel through the space between them. It follows that there is no way in which we can define "now" for all observers everywhere, at once. Every observer has only his own "here and now." In our experience of the physical world space and time cannot be wholly separated from each other; each is part of a single reality.

And this is not an abstract conception like Euclid's space. Einstein's space-time is a real medium in which physical processes act and are observed. It is given its structure by the matter which it contains, and this matter bends and shapes it because the function of space and time is just this—to inclose matter.

These are the deep and challenging ideas with which Einstein revolutionized both large-scale and small-scale physics from 1905 onward. And it will now be plain why their influence has been so much wider than science. They are universal ideas; they reach below the

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artifices of mathematics and the laws of physics to the basic conception of the relationship between man and the world.

They do not apply only to space and time. I have already said that one of the problems since 1897 had been the relation between the mass and the energy of a fast-moving electron. Einstein had the answer in 1905. Again he asked, "Can we define the mass of a body without allowing for its motion and therefore for its energy?" And the answer, again, is no. The two no's, that about space and time and that about mass and energy, are related. Our physical experience is more of a piece than our pigeonholing minds had let us think.

The new concept of mass has become famous because it happens to lie at the basis of everything that has since been done on atomic energy, right down to the explosion of the atomic bomb. But I am impressed by Einstein's equation— energy is equivalent to mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light, that is, $E=Mc^2$—not because it has blown over a hundred thousand people to pieces but because it gives a unity to nature no less deep than that which any imaginative artist or poet has tried to find. Energy is mass; mass-energy is a unity of the same kind as the closing lines of Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn,

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Einstein's preoccupation was the search for these unities, and the one which turns on the problem of mass is of particular interest. Few people talk about the mass of a body, and indeed Newton had the greatest difficulty in framing a definition of mass, and failed. We always talk about the weight of a body. And for the next ten years Einstein asked himself a new question: Why is it that mass and weight are always related? Why do we experience mass as weight? When I throw a ball, I overcome its mass; when I lift it, I overcome its weight. Why are the two always linked together? Einstein finally produced an answer to this question in 1915 in the General Theory of Relativity, and I draw attention to the fact that the date is early in the First World War and the place Germany.

For answer, Einstein gave a new picture of the field of gravity around a body. A massive body, he said, distorts the space-time in which it lies: it forms, as it were, a hollow around itself. When I drop a ball and it falls, it is really rolling like a marble into the hollow made by the earth; and the earth itself is like a larger marble which flies round the hollow in space-time made by the sun.

THIS is an attractive picture which can be seized immediately. But if it is an effective picture, if what it describes is truly a distortion of space and time, then everything which crosses the sun's hollow must be drawn inward—not only a ball, but a ray of light as well. So in 1919 two expeditions went out to watch the eclipse of the sun in the spring of that year in order to see whether light which passes near the sun curves its hollow. The expeditions, headed by Arthur Eddington, announced their findings in November, 1919, at one of the most dramatic meetings ever held at the Royal Society. And the findings tallied with Einstein's forecast: light does bend toward the sun, and by approximately the amount which Einstein had forecast. Einstein had made gravitation a behavior of space and time.

I have drawn attention to one date and I ought now to underline the other. These spectacular successes of the General Theory of Relativity in forecasting the unexpected curvature of light within space were announced to the world in 1919. This was barely a year after the end of the First World War, and when the peace treaties were still being wrangled over at Versailles. The accident of this date had, I think, a great bearing on Einstein's outlook and later career. So before I pass on to the scientific work of his last years, I should return briefly to his biography, which I left when he was twenty-six, in 1905.

In the next ten years, he became a leader and an *enfant terrible* of physics. He first appeared before a large gathering of physicists in 1909, and here and at the famous Solvay meeting of 1911 he impressed his contemporaries with his ability to unite his new ideas of relativity with those of quantum physics, which were then being hammered out and which he did so much to shape. He became a professor in Prague, then back in Switzerland, and by 1914 what was in effect a special post had been created for him as Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Research Institute for Physics in Berlin. This was the moment when the First World War broke out; and the German government, anxious to find intellectual support for its imperial ambitions, put great pressure on its leading men. It persuaded ninety-three of them to sign a manifesto in support of Germany's entry into the war. The list of those who signed makes sad reading: it includes Paul Ehrlich and Gerhart Hauptmann, Max Reinhardt and Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, Planck and Roentgen, Sudermann and Humperdinck and Siegfried Wagner. Einstein did not sign. He and three others issued a counter-manifesto against militarism. This is one of the crimes for which a later generation of German chauvinists never forgave him, but it is consistent with his actions always.

As a young man Einstein had chosen Swiss nationality and had renounced German nationality when he had the chance, because the Prussian Germany of that day had angered him with its regimentation. He chose to become a German only after 1918 as a gesture of support for the new Weimar Republic. But the Weimar Republic exposed him to attack from 1919 on, when his theories had made him world famous, and to attack from two directions.

On one side were the rising Nazis. To them he and his theories were, in the phrase of that day, simply "un-German"—an epithet which has an unhappy ring, for similar critical epithets have since been applied to any kind of intellectual dissent the world over.

AND while, to the Nazis, Einstein was a Swiss Jew with un-German ideas, to men across the Rhine with bitter memories of the long and bloody war Einstein was a German scientist about whom too much fuss was being made. Shortly after he received the Nobel prize in 1921—in a citation in which the cautious awarding committee made no reference to relativity—Einstein paid a visit to Paris to lecture. There he had to be hidden away from French nationalists who threatened to demonstrate against him as a German.

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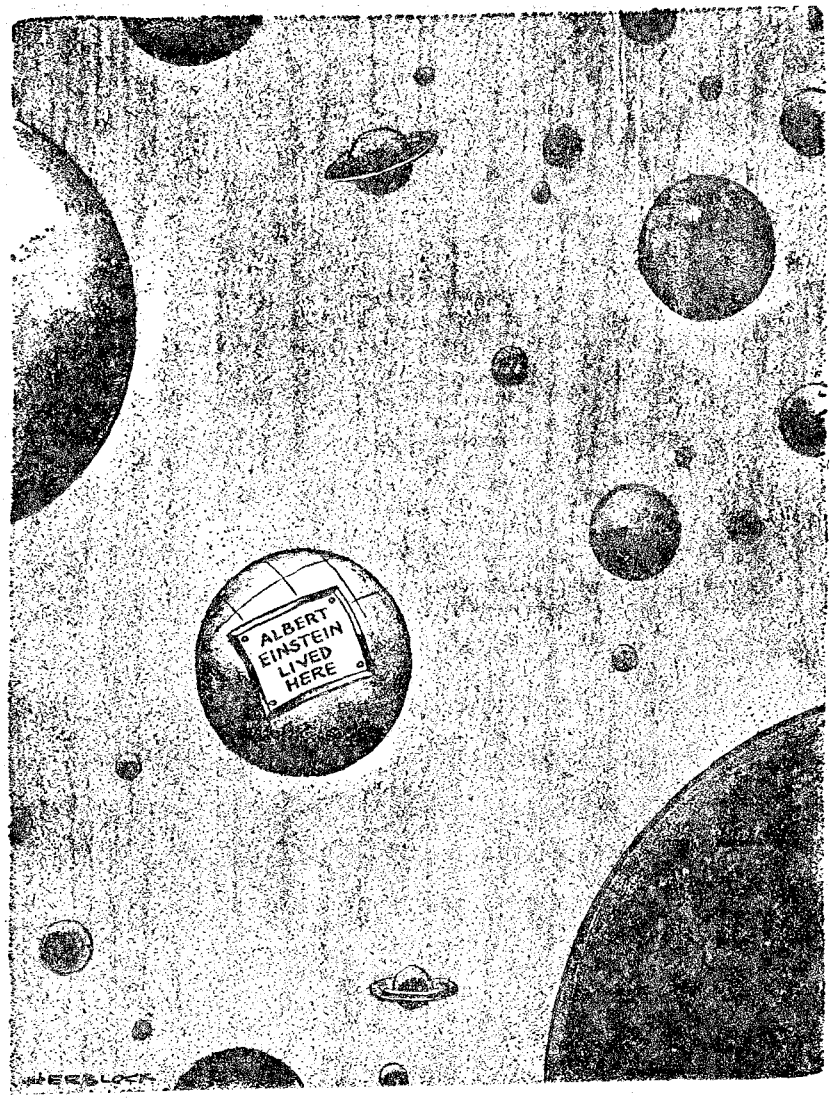

Herblock in Washington Post

Twenty years later the demonstrators were collaborating with the Nazis, and Einstein had had to flee across the Atlantic out of reach of both. I ought to add that those who remember his visit to Paris in 1922 recall with pleasure, when they speak of it, that Einstein brought his violin and played quartets with his fellow-scientists.

He went to America when life was made intolerable for him in Germany in 1933, and he worked at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton ever afterward. Up to this time he had been a pacifist. Now it seemed to him that, like other doctrines, pacificism had to be looked at to see whether it fitted the facts of the world as it then was. And on August 2, 1939, Einstein broke with a lifetime of pacifist beliefs as only he could have done. He wrote to President Roosevelt to tell him that recent work in atomic physics which had been disclosed to him privately made it probable that an atomic bomb could be constructed. And he advised Roosevelt that since this work had been begun in Germany, it must be feared the Germans would try to make such a bomb.

A NEW war did not stop him from thinking, speculating, working. He went on with an ambition which had been with him from the outset: to braid together not only some strands of experence, time with space, mass with energy, gravitation with space-time, but to braid together the whole of our physical experience in a single theory. He was looking for the unity within all nature. There remained one field in physics which still stood apart, the field of electric and magnetic forces; and Einstein spent his life, after the 1920's, in trying to link this with the field of gravitation.

It is interesting to recall that when he wrote about his boyhood, there were two experiences which he recalled as turning points. One was when, at the age of four or five, he saw a magnetic compass-needle turn in the earth's field, and realized that the laws of nature are universal. The other was when, at perhaps the age of ten, he learned enough geometry to be able to prove the theorem of Pythagoras for himself. This mixture of magnetism with geometry became in a sense the guiding principle of his later work.

There have been other attempts to introduce a unity of electric and magnetic phenomena into a general picture of the world. Einstein himself made several. He made the last early in 1953. It was essentially an extension of the work of Clerk Maxwell in the 1860's, which linked electricity, magnetism and light. Einstein's own work had already connected gravitation with light, and indeed had implied that gravitation travels at the speed of light.

EINSTEIN'S attempt to forego this universal link differed from others' really in this: that what he looked for was not merely a formal combination but a fusing together of the two different kinds of symmetry which Maxwell's equations and his own have. He looked once again for an underlying structure, below the equations, to give unity to all the physical phenomena of the world.

In one respect Einstein's recent theories differed from those of other physicists. Physicists who have spent their life working with quanta have for the past twenty-five years abandoned the hope of producing a picture of the small-scale world in which every effect has a cause. Instead, they have accepted a principle of uncertainty which says that there is essentially a limit to all possible predictions about minute events, and that we can never know exactly which of two alternative paths one of the tiny units of nature—an electron, a light quantum, or part of a nucleus—will take. Einstein is almost the only great physicist who has continuously opposed this view, not altogether on intellectual grounds but perhaps on the kind of basic conviction which as a young man he might have called prejudice. The theories which Einstein proposed are all strictly causal theories. Rather oddly, his last equations can be shown to lead to contradictions

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when applied to very small units of matter if these units can be chosen arbitrarily. Einstein held that the contradictions must resolve themselves because the units must somehow arise out of, and be fixed by, the equations themselves.

That is, if Einstein's last field equations are to be true, somehow they must contain within themselves conditions which make them applicable only to matter in the precise sizes in which matter ultimately occurs. Einstein held that the fundamental units of nature have not been fixed arbitrarily. True, his equations are continuous—they contain no basic jumps or units. Yet in his seventies he cheerfully set about the task of finding how the quantum jumps are to be fixed out of his continuous equations, and how the electron and the proton and all the building bricks of matter, of energy and of electricity in the world are related to their actual natural sizes by the continuous equations.

In his own words, he would have no truck with discontinuity and chance in the equation. The occurrence of chance, he held, is only a confession of our own failure to see right to the heart of things, because at the heart of things there must lie, in his view, a rational god and not a god at dice. It is a powerful idea, but I ought to say that it is shared by almost no one, and I suspect that younger physicists think it as old-fashioned, smacking of the nineteenth century, as Einstein once thought his own elders.

Einstein lived quietly in a suburban house in a suburban street in Princeton. Not long ago he refused the presidency of Israel because, he said, he had "neither the natural ability nor the experience to deal with human beings." Yet he was endlessly good-humored and modest with them. He was patient even with the many strangers who sneaked up to his front porch and had their wives photograph them as if they were just coming out of the great man's house. If Einstein had any impatience left, it was to the end, as it had always been, impatience with authority.

Einstein was one of the intellectual heroes of history; and such heroes, like Newton and like Darwin, are always rebels in their work and heretics in society. He prized the integrity of man's personality as much as man's science. Back in the 1920's he said, in some desultory interview, that two discoveries might destroy mankind—nuclear energy, and universal thought-reading. The wry prophecy sums up Einstein's passions. He knew the bodily threat of weapons; and to his last days he saw and resisted equally the threat to control men's thought. Einstein never thought silence the lesser evil.

TV AND THE CAMPAIGN

Equal Time for Candidates . . *by C. A. Siepmann*

PRIOR TO the nomination of Presidential candidates in 1952, the Columbia Broadcasting System was several times approached by a Mr. William R. Schneider. Convinced that both Republicans and Democrats were dangerously left-wing, he demanded air time in which to expound his own brand of political salvation. Very sensibly CBS turned him down. But Mr. Schneider was not one to be put off. He promptly announced himself a candidate for nomination to the Presidency by the Republican Party, filed in the New Hampshire and Oregon primaries and thus became a national candidate.

CBS now found itself on the spot. Not long before, it had invited prominent candidates for nomination by the Democratic and Republican parties to broadcast in two series given on sustaining time (i. e., CBS footed the bill). Mr. Schneider, as a bona-fide candidate, now claimed a like privilege, took CBS to court and before the Federal Communications Commission, the latter ruling that Mr. Schneider was within his rights. So Mr. Schneider now had himself two nationwide half-hour broadcasts at CBS expense. He was not, as you may remember, nominated. Indeed, he later failed to get a ticket to the Republican convention.

The Schneider case nicely illustrates a problem which no one as yet has been able to solve. In an election year how can radio and TV (charged under law to serve the public interest) best meet the needs of the electorate? Which of the candidates—for President, Senator, Congressman—has a rightful claim to air time, and to how much of it?

The broadcaster's only guide in this matter is Section 315 of the Communications Act which requires that, *if* a candidate for political office is granted air time, every other candidate for that office must be given equal time. On its face this seems a fair rule, and more than once in the past it has in fact saved candidates from unfair discrimination by radio stations with less than a proper sense of their public responsibilities. Broadcasters, however, claim that the ruling actually prevents them from offering the kind of service that would best familiarize the public with the candidates and platforms of the various contending parties. To see why, and how, let us confine ourselves to the relatively simple problem of Presidential candidates and their appearance on the air.

Consider first the pre-nomination period in which we already find ourselves. It looks as though we may have quite a number of candidates for nomination to the Presidency in

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the Republican and Democratic parties alone. To expose them once (to say nothing of twice or three times) to public view on television is going to consume a lot of air time at the expense, inevitably, of popular programs and (if they are offered free time) at considerable cost to the networks. For a half hour in the evening is worth some $50,000. But, though for all practical purposes ours is a two-party system, democratic theory requires us to acknowledge the claims of other parties too—and in 1952 there were eighteen of them in the field. Taking such claims into consideration, the problem of air time becomes unmanageable and the cost to networks prohibitive.

BUT we are still only at the beginning of our troubles. For Mr. Schneider's shrewd recourse to Section 315 to get himself time on the air opens the door to every crackpot and political adventurer to do likewise. Clearly this puts the networks in an impossible position. Seemingly the networks have only two alternatives available—either to refuse the free use of their facilities to every candidate, which is manifestly not in the public interest, or else to sell time at the going rate, trusting that only parties with ample campaign funds will come forward as buyers. But this, too, is self-defeating—at least if we hold to the principle of "fair" representation of the candidates of all contending parties.

Let us move on to the final six or eight weeks of the Presidential campaign. Interest now centers on the candidates of the two major parties. Our sense of fair play demands that each be given equal access to the public under conditions calculated to bring out the conflicts of outlook between them. With this in mind, the president of CBS has made a constructive suggestion. He proposes that we revive the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, but this time on TV, for all the nation to hear and see. He proposes two or three such debates, each of an hour's length, each at a peak listening time and each provided at no cost to the contestants. It is an intriguing proposal but, as things now stand, it is also still-born. For Section 315 would require that equivalent time be granted, free, to the candidates of the Church of God Bible, Poor Man's Party, Spiritual Party, Vegetarian Party and all the other sixteen parties in the fight.

Note also that Section 315 severely limits those who, either before or after the conventions, can come to the microphones to speak in support of Presidential candidates. All Congressmen, except those retiring, all Senators and all governors standing for reelection come under this ban. For to invite them to speak, or even to be interviewed on, say, Meet the Press, would make networks liable to claims for like time by each and every rival candidate.

It will be small wonder if, in the light of such frustrations, networks this year reduce yet further the number of sustaining programs designed to acquaint the public with those who seek their votes.

Worse still, this ruling provides convenient cover for stations which prefer to make no contribution at all to public enlightenment during a political campaign. For Section 315 does not require a station to provide time for political candidates. The FCC can and should. But for ten long years now it has studiously avoided any consistent concern with the overall character of stations' program services. The result of such negligence was already evident in 1952, when three of every four television stations and four of every five radio stations gave no free time to candidates or their supporters.

What is wrong, surely, with Section 315 is its assumption that *all* parties (and the ideas they stand for) have an *equal* right to be heard and seen over the air. This seems to us a false and foolish egalitarianism, as questionable in theory as we have seen it to be unworkable in practice. For the fact, surely, is that opinions and ideas do *not* all have equal weight! Their weight, rather (if we think at all realistically), is a function of their popular acceptance. This is not to argue that, in general, we should only hear opinions expressed over the air which are already widely accepted. Quite the contrary. One of the grave defects of radio and TV for years past has been its meager provision of ideas of any kind, and more especially of unpopular and unorthodox opinion. But we are concerned here with the practical exigencies of a political campaign (when time is short) and of the use of a particular mass medium.

AT such a time it seems sheer sentimentality to allow concern for political minorities to blind us to the fact that ours, at present, is a two-party system and that, in an election year, clarification of their conflicting policies is, from the point of view of public interest, the paramount consideration. But total exclusion of lesser parties is not contemplated. We suggest only that the condition of a claim to air time be evidence of some significant degree of popular support. We need a floor, some minimum of registered membership (say one million: the precise figure is here immaterial) before any claim is honored—and even then only as a basis of representation roughly proportional to the membership of other parties. Admittedly this is but a partial solution of the problem for it does not take care of the pre-nomination period when registered membership, of course, doesn't help. Worth consideration here is a bill, now being discussed by a Congressional committee, which while keeping Section 315 intact as it applies to set campaign speeches and political rallies, is made inapplicable to broadcast news and "public service" programs on sustaining time originated by networks or stations.

With the embarrassment of a multiplicity of parties thus disposed of, there remains the question of how much electioneering we want on the air. Apart from satisfaction in a job well done, provision of air time offers the networks no reward and a lot of headaches. There are listeners who will not thank them for displacing a popular program by a political harangue. The networks stand

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to gain nothing financially, and (especially toward the close of a campaign) they become liable to last-minute requests for time involving readjustments of programs.

What seems indicated here is not a floor but a ceiling, some agreed maximum of hours to be allotted to broadcast electioneering. Whether such a ceiling should be arrived at by mutual consent of the parties, or of the networks and their affiliated stations, or through regulatory fiat issued by the FCC, need not detain us here. It is consummation of this end—some agreed limit to political fireworks on the air—that is, surely, devoutly to be wished for.

WE believe such a goal to be consonant with the desires of the public. It may also offer some insurance against a conceivably sinister eventuality. For TV, politically speaking, still remains an untried medium. Perhaps the social scientists are wrong when they suggest that its use is unlikely to swing the vote to any significant extent. One would like to believe that the formation of political opinion is an ongoing process, rooted in principle, disciplined by reflection and continuously tested by judgment of day-to-day events. But if in fact it is no better than a game of chance, if elections represent little more than whimsical response at the eleventh hour to political histrionics, then surely we need to be protected against ourselves.

There are disquieting signs that politicians, at any rate, do thus conceive of us. Thus, though no one can prove it, many believe that votes *were* swung in 1952 by Mr. Nixon's soap-opera "family reunion," that Mr. Eisenhower's spot announcements and the singing commercials of the Republican Party (slick slogans substituted for reasoned and reasonable appeals) did work their insidious way into the subconscious of political illiterates. And we have since witnessed the President of the United States subjecting himself to lessons in posture and deportment by Robert Montgomery. Millions of TV viewers have witnessed a blatant piece of party propaganda, speciously disguised as a meeting of the Cabinet, and were conceivably fooled into believing that the gap between governors and governed was thus closed. And it now appears that even Adlai Stevenson has thought better of again "talking sense" to the people and plans to trim his once-white sails to the winds of political expediency.

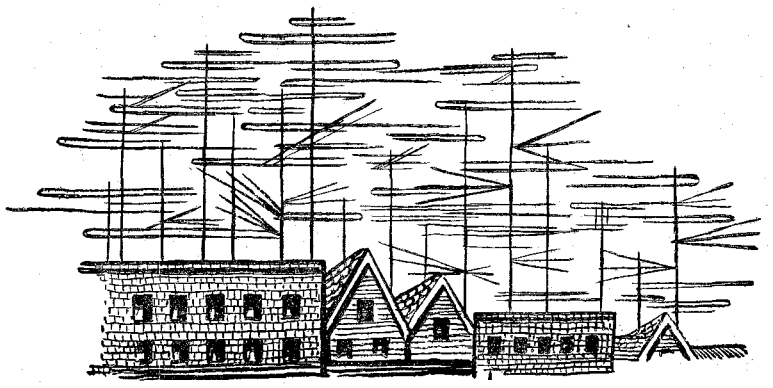
All this should give us pause. The appeal to reason, never popular in an election year, may now find itself at a further discount as the Madison Avenue boys move into political headquarters and seek, through TV, further to convert serious discussion of life and death issues into a political road show, a series of theatrical "spectaculars." Do we want more of this or less? Would it be a good or a bad thing to limit TV time to a few major addresses (or debates) by the rival candidates, and to ban altogether the use of jingles, spot announcements and such cheap and vulgar "arguing for victory" as Mr. Dewey's TV marathon in 1952?

One final question remains for discussion. Should networks be permitted to charge the going rate for air time to politicians? Why shouldn't they? They are not, after all, in business for their health. To insist, as some propose, that they give a certain amount of free time to political parties solves no essential problem, even given the "floor" and "ceiling" we have proposed. For all that is thus achieved is to release party funds for use in other ways on other media. To put radio/TV at a commercial disadvantage over against competing media seems no part of the public interest we would have them serve.

That government should put its hands into our pockets by making public funds available to parties with which to buy time is no solution either. We have argued that "equal" opportunity for all parties constitutes no true equity, that parties, rather, must "pay their way" to the microphone by first mustering a significant body of registered supporters. Given a million supporters (or whatever the agreed figure is) they are in a position to buy time, should it seem worth it to them.

IT IS convenient but naive to attack networks as here guilty of usury. It is also to distract us from the essential problem. The Republicans, admittedly, are financially well-heeled, though we might remind ourselves that in the past this has not always assured them the support of voters. But the Democrats are not, or at least need not, be paupers. Neither they nor any party of a size to warrant consideration *need* lack funds with which to purchase time within the maximum limits we have proposed. For their relative indigence, properly diagnosed, stems from the indifference of their supporters—an indifference that in fact constitutes the bane of American politics. A Gallup poll in 1954 showed that only a third of all families in the United States were willing to contribute $5.00 to the party of their preference. Only one family out of twenty (or two out of every 100 citizens) actually made any contribution whatsoever to any party, thus leaving it to racketeers (in 1948 the numbers operators in Washington raised $100,000 to be spent against two Senators who had tried to investigate local gambling) and to pressure groups to exact their toll on the integrity of politicians.

These, then, are some of the knotty questions in which we are presently involved. They will not be answered this side of November. But some ultimate solution must be found. For more than the interests of broadcasters and parties is here at stake. The problems we have raised probe to the very heart of the democratic process.



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The Man Who Rode a Tiger

YEARS OF TRIAL AND HOPE. Memoirs by Harry S. Truman. Volume Two. Doubleday and Company. $5.

By George Dangerfield

ONE OF the major single developments in twentieth-century world history has been the movement of the United States from a withdrawn to an active and from an active to a leading role in international affairs. In the same time one of the major developments in American history has been the increasing significance of the Presidency in the federal system. The two developments were originally concurrent rather than interdependent, since each derived from a different aspect of economy. They first intersected, in a dramatic and inescapable form, when President Wilson took his Fourteen Points to Versailles. The effect of his disastrous experience there was to give us three negative Presidents and a great depression: and if the two volumes of the Truman *Memoirs* tell us anything, they tell us that our federal system cannot again endure a negative or inactive President. The President's initiative may be thwarted or corrected by the other two branches of the general government, but if he does not continually exercise his initiative the whole system is threatened with stagnation, muddle and collapse.

No democratically elected personage has such greatness thrust upon him as has the President of the United States; and since the President is a symbol, as well as a policy-maker, executive and a party leader, greatness is thrust also upon the American people. What was once a cliche has become a challenge. Our way of life has been internationalized; our faults and our virtues are subject to a constant and anxious inspection. The final volume of the Truman *Memoirs* points out—rather by what is does not say than by what it does say — how painful our dilemma may become if we ignore the connection between domestic life and foreign policy.

IF THE first volume was a self-portrait, the second volume—impetuous, episodic, unmagical, unadorned—is by way of being self-caricature. I do not think that it is any the less valuable, or its author any the less worthy of respect, because of that. But the aspect of Truman as a kind of jinni — an ordinary man miraculously and genially raised to the power of *n*—which he presented during his whistle-stop campaign in 1948, or at any rate presents in retrospect—becomes a little wearisome after a prolonged exposure to the printed word. Truman occasionally likes to talk of himself as a student, a man who never makes a decision without searching for precedents in the near and distant past; but his temperament is not primarily studious. Nor is he, on the evidence of his *Memoirs,* either subtle or philosophical or sensitive or impassioned or profound. He is sharp, irascible, self-confident and self-assertive; a man of sincere and strong convictions, but not a man of imagination, or a man who can engage it.

Years of Trial and Hope lives up to Truman's simile that "being a President is like riding a tiger." It is a rough and bumpy book. There are times, however, when the author looks less like a man riding a tiger than one fleeing with the tiger at his heels. He deals with great and momentous events — Iran, the Truman Doctrine, the Berlin airlift, the Marshall Plan, NATO—but he usually deprives them of most of their context, as if he were stripping them for fast and dangerous pursuit. He does this partly because he is (as seems obvious) composing his book at breakneck speed, partly because he is compressing a vast amount of material into far too small a space, partly because he is forced to withhold a great deal of classified information, but chiefly, I believe, because his style of thinking is unreflective. He cannot abide to stand still and look around. To do so might be to discover that one had been wrong, and it is not in the author's character—it is not, perhaps, in the character of political memoirs —to make discoveries like that.

For example, in a discussion of the Marshall mission, Truman says: "I am not one to believe in the value of hindsight. Whether or not I was right in sending General Marshall to China does not depend upon what some think they know today. It depends only upon what we were able to know in 1945." This is a style of thinking, not thinking itself. All history is a kind of hindsight, unless we reduce it to that empirical semi-knowledge which the Greeks called "opinion." The Truman *Memoirs* are somewhat opinionated in this sense; but they too depend on hindsight, if not for the discovery of error, then for the assertion of success. And hindsight is bound to protest that Truman may well have been wrong, not in sending General Marshall to China on the strength of what he was able to know, but in sending him there without a policy.

It is interesting to contrast his account of the Marshall mission, which is ingenuous and uninstructive, with his account of the Korean War at the other end of the book. In the Korean War he had a policy, the premises of which no candid mind will dispute. He believed that the North Korean invasion was a challenge to the United Nations which, if successful, would make the United Nations historically obsolete. He has an almost superstitious reverence for decision, as something with a virtue of its own regardless of its causes or its consequences; but here his decision will stand the test of both. He devotes nearly two-fifths of this volume to the Korean crisis, and allows us for the first time to see him in his moments of indecision. Only when he deals with the fateful permission to cross the 38th Parallel in the fall of 1950 does he become argumentative and implausible.

Whether Truman's memory is trustworthy as to details, or his judgment above reproach in the interpre-

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GEORGE DANGERFIELD was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in History (1953) *for* The Era of Good Feelings. *He is the author also of* Victoria's Heir, The Strange Death of Liberal England *and other works.*

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tation of fact, are questions which will be threshed out for years, not always to Truman's advantage. But as regards his controversy with General MacArthur it certainly seems that Truman has got the better of it, now that both sides have entered their briefs. MacArthur's countercharges are very grave but very cloudy: they cannot be dispelled because they cannot be substantiated. Truman's main charge of insubordination is centered upon MacArthur's statement of March 24, 1951, in which — in qualified but fearfully ominous language — he offered the enemy commander a choice between surrender or all-out war on the Chinese mainland. MacArthur calls this "my emphasizing the enemy's weakness"; he does not mention that it was a direct defiance of the President's order to refrain from uncleared statements on foreign policy, and in direct opposition to the policy of the United States and the United Nations.

The emphasis in the rest of this volume is also on foreign policy, one side of which is summed up in these words: "It was our policy to strengthen the weak spots in the defense of the free world. Iran, Greece, Berlin and NATO all stand as landmarks in the fight against communism." And so they do. It would take a very brash hindsight to state categorically that this policy of containment (Truman does not like the word, but that is what it is) was a wrongheaded way of meeting the threat of Russian expansion, since a threat there was and since it had to be met. Of course, it was an imperfect way; and if Truman had given its various episodes a fuller context, we should see how imperfect it was. As it is, we find that we are riding the tiger in the strangest company—Greek rightists, oil cartels, Syngman Rhee—and that we are not supposed to know that they are there.

Truman himself contends, with perfect justice, that the threat of Communist expansion was so clear and immediate that he was forced to counter it with temporary expedients; and that he is not content with the temporary and expedient. He looks beyond NATO to the Atlantic Community, and he looks beyond Marshall aid to Point Four. Point Four is the keystone of the arch of his foreign policy, or rather of a foreign policy as yet only foreseen; and Point Four brings up the dilemma which he fails to acknowledge in *Years of Trial and Hope.*

POINT FOUR is a great policy, or a complex of policies reaching far into the future and calling for great and immensely difficult decisions. But one aspect of it is quite simple—it is a policy of example. If it is to be accepted as more than largesse—and that is where Truman has left it—there has to be some feeling of trust and sympathy on the part of those who receive it. In this respect the dynamics of Point Four lie in the help which the giver is giving to himself—in other words, by the example he sets. It seems to me that Point Four is one of the poles—the other is the Full Employment Act of 1946—upon which, ideally, the Fair Deal program was intended to turn. But the Fair Deal — full employment, fair employment, civil rights, public health, public housing, public power, conservation, reclamation, repeal of Taft-Hartley—is not really present in this second volume, although it was hailed with such triumph in the first one.

In *Years of Trial and Hope* the Fair Deal is little more than a "transient and embarrassed phantom"; it is represented as something which was stifled by the Eightieth Congress. Truman never gets around to explaining why it was so inadequately revived by the Eighty-First Congress, which was elected along with him and gave him working majorities in House and Senate; or why it was so coldly ignored by the Eighty-Second. Was it because he himself was more a fighter than a leader? Or too ingrained a conservative politician to be a social progressive? Or was it because a combination of Republicans and Dixiecrats proved to be too much for him? The Fair Deal was a sweeping program of social legislation, more sweeping than the New Deal, and he never stopped fighting for it. It seems likely that the cause of its defeat lay more outside than inside the White House and the Congress. When a consumers' boom is followed almost immediately by a military expenditure boom, the atmosphere is not one in which social legislation can flourish. Yet a socially progressive America is the only America which can dispense a Point Four policy; and a Point Four policy may well be the hope of the world.

The dilemma is that social progress and huge military budgets appear to be mutually exclusive: and it is certain to remain with us so long as the answer to aggressive communism is supposed to lie only in the realm of foreign policy, or can be stated only in terms of dollars and armaments. Truman ignores the dilemma in this volume, presumably because he failed to solve it—as if it could be solved by one Administration or one generation or by the kind of world in which we now live. If he had admitted and examined it, he would have added another dimension to what is—merely by being what it is—a most valuable book. Anything Truman writes is apt to look like a campaign document; and what a campaign document this book might have been for the year 1956—a document which was written, in the era of pollsters and public-relations men, by an ex-President who had once defeated them, and which based its valiant hopes for peace on a frank analysis of failure!

Louisville Dervish

HENRY WATTERSON. Reconstructed Rebel. By Joseph Frazier Wall. Oxford University Press. $6.

By Walter Davenport

IT HAS BEEN SAID of Henry Watterson that he could soar simultaneously into two or three towering rages and have choler enough left over for smoldering umbrage at several less inflammable irritants. Moreover, it was not regarded as remarkable that this singularly-gifted editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* could lambaste the more infuriating and scold the minor-rufflers of his journalistic feathers all in one day in a single column of purple prose. As a writer of editorials his sigh was a hullabaloo, his whisper a horrible yell. But as a politician, whether a candidate's champion, sponsor or volunteer Warwick,

WALTER DAVENPORT, formerly editor of Collier's *and now a columnist for the magazine, is the author of a biography of Boies Penrose.*

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Marse Henry remained a writer of sulphurous editorials.

This all-too-pin-pointed summary of the talents of Mr. Watterson is not wholly the product of the exaggerated romancing with which we clothe our departed great. Its truth becomes reasonably clear to readers of Joseph Frazier Wall's sympathetic, painstaking and over-long, but readable biography of the Kentucky thunderbolter. Marse Henry was brimming with righteous idealism and cunning, but suffered from a deficiency of political savvy.

As you trudge through Professor Wall's 337 fact-packed pages, you meet Presidential aspirants, from Tilden to Wilson, cautiously courting and getting Watterson's initial support but learning at mid-campaign that he was a devout believer in the theory that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. Marse Henry, a short, rotund gentleman, half blind, with a globe of a shaggy, goateed head and a high-pitched, often irritable voice, was hard to hitch. When things went his way he could swamp a hallful of strangers with charm. But he could and did stamp out of amicable conferences with his own candidates, vowing never to return. And often merely because the aspiring one had incidentally voiced an opinion that Mr. Watterson did not at the moment share. But it was not unusual that having unloaded his pique into the editorial page of the *Courier-Journal,* he would return to party headquarters feeling much better and go to work with increased zeal.

APART from his adored and adoring family, Marse Henry had three enduring loves—the United States, free trade and Samuel J. Tilden, the pinch-penny, timid Democratic candidate for President in 1876. When Rutherford Hayes was declared the winner over the defrauded Tilden, Watterson called for 100,000 outraged citizens to march on Washington. Nothing of the sort happened and to his amazement the public responded with laughter and denunciations of the bloodthirsty demagoguery. Mr. Watterson's was not an impressive intellect; his emotions were too swift for thinking. He has been called a gadfly, but he wasn't. Rather a bumblebee.

Financial expediency occasionally dictated his spoken and written word — even his editorial policy. When his attacks on Bryanism and the Populists so enraged his Kentucky readers that the *Courier-Journal's* circulation fell almost to the disaster line, he surrendered to the readers, struck an uneasy truce with Mr. Bryan but privately prayed for the hour when it would be safe once more to pour hot invective on all that Bryan stood for and on.

Professor Wall has deftly interwoven the life of Watterson and the American political scene, 1860-1920. The casual reader of his book, if such there be, will add without pain to his understanding of American political-party dervishings. And he may be surprised to note how little political dodges and skulduggeries have changed since Watterson lambasted and swayed the voter with uninhibited denunciations garnished with a furious sauce of mixed metaphors. He lived vociferously, wrote in shrill crescendo and died as doubtless he wished — suddenly—aged eighty-one.

The Intense Joiner

GEORGE MOORE. A Reconsideration. By Malcolm Brown. University of Washington Press. $4.50.

By John R. Willingham

SINCE HIS death in 1933, George Moore has been considerably neglected. It has been hard for literary historians and critics to "place" him among the pigeonholes of literary schools and movements, and a later generation that takes itself (if no one else) too seriously has thought of him almost solely as the source of those delightful but trivial "Mooreisms." Furthermore, his spiteful nature, his epigrammatic but half-truthful dismissals of his contemporaries still offend the partisans of Yeats, Zola, Synge and all the others. But, as Malcolm Brown makes quite clear, Moore is an important link in the still imperfectly understood evolution of contemporary art and letters.

For almost fifty years, Moore mined various and sometimes completely opposed areas of late Victorian and early twentieth-century esthetic speculation and achievement. He digested the viewpoint and purpose of the Parisian bohemia of the 1870's. Then, scarcely pausing, he took up the banner of naturalism and tried to become the Zola of England. Huysmans, Balzac and Pater contributed to the development of his style and intention; Gautier and Flaubert furnished authority for his increasing concern for the distinction between form and content. In the early 1900's, as if he had never acknowledged "an original hatred of my native country and a brutal loathing of the religion I was brought up in," Moore happily embarked for Ireland and tireless labor within its literary renaissance. After rather effectively alienating his Irish co-workers to the tune of *Hail and Farewell,* Moore finally (after 1911) turned back to England and forward to his famous later style.

But for all these successive allegiances and inevitable breaks, Moore's career reveals an astonishing organic development. The movements he had joined, the writers he had known and admired, all contributed to the emergence of an unmistakably fresh manner in the late style. It was as if from the 1870's on he had thoughtfully laid out a rigid training program. Wilde's judgment that "Moore conducts his education in public" suggests the intense impression Moore's quest for esthetic integrity made upon his contemporaries. Like Henry James, Moore considered the writer's office as essentially religious; art was the province in which the discrepancies of a chaotic world were ordered and stilled.

Almost twenty years have passed since Joseph Hone published his biography of Moore. Brown does not retrace that pioneer ground; he writes of the growth of an artist's mind.

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM is associate professor of English at Centenary College of Louisiana.

SPRING BOOK ISSUE
April 14

Samuel Beckett
by Kenneth Rexroth

Sean O'Casey
by John O'Shaughnessy

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Severest Friends

THE JAZZ AGE REVISITED. By George Harmon Knoles. Stanford University Press. $3.

By Janet Sheps

THE SUBTITLE of this book is British Criticism of American Civilization During the 1920's; essentially it is a descriptive bibliography of the field so described. The twenties were the heyday of the visiting celebrity and the woman's club lecturer, and Mr. Knoles' sources range from John Strachey to Dean Inge and include such trenchant observers as Harold Laski, Margot Asquith, G. B. Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, Aldous Huxley, Eric Linklater and Ford Madox Ford. Although some are dated, the quotations from these and other reporters make lively reading. E. V. Lucas, for instance, records how he was taken aback when, on an American steamship, the room steward said to a cabin boy, "Show this man number 231." "I had no objection to being called a man," Lucas says, "far from it; but after years of being called a gentleman it was startling." Speaking of American businessmen, Llewellyn Powys says, "These lick-pennies have not the mental development of a set of professional golf-players . . . . Most of them hardly realize they are alive, before their routine days, their routine thoughts, their newspaper-magazine-clubmen thoughts, come to an abrupt end, and they are carried away to a hideous vault, in a hideous cemetery, their coffins covered with ostentatious hothouse flowers, all wired together by commercial hands . . . ." It is hard to see at this remove what he had against professional golfers.

Judging from the excerpts given in this volume, one of the more scathing British critics of the United States was C. E. M. Joad, who, when he wrote *The Babbitt Warren,* had never been to the United States and didn't care. But not all distinguished British visitors were critical: Chicago reminded Ford Madox Ford of a cathedral, and of course Galsworthy was sympathetic.

Although it is an intelligent and scholarly job (Mr. Knoles is a professor of history at Stanford University) the most it can do is to whet the reader's appetite for the original sources. Even after thirty years Americans might find Ford's two friendly books of essays illuminating and enjoy Eric Linklater's *Juan in America,* a novel written, incidentally, after he had been a Commonwealth fellow in this country. Certainly the satiric comedies of contemporary critics like Huxley and Waugh have taught us almost as much about ourselves as about their authors. Beside such vivid, cranky writing, the solemn books about national differences are pale.

JANET SHEPS, formerly with the State Department Information Program, is now working for Collier's.

Sade Again

NIGHT. By Erico Verissimo. Translated by L. L. Barrett. The Macmillan Company. $2.95.

By Charles Shapiro

ERICO VERISSIMO, the highly-touted Brazilian author, has made the big jump into the no man's land of tortured symbolism. The hero of *Night* has lost his memory but has retained a haunting sense of guilt. Alone, in a nameless city, stumbling "with a dazed glitter of fear like the eyes of an animal at bay," he wanders in a teasing world of perpetual fear and phoney values.

Driven by his search for identity, the "stranger" plunges through a night of horror, accompanied by two new-found buddies, a chuckling, hunchbacked dwarf who must have taken postgraduate work with M. de Charlus, and a pimp who is known only as "master." These three boy scouts of sadism go out on the town, torturing, raping and talking philosophy: "Stinking bourgeois! You light a candle to God and another to the devil and end up with neither God nor the Devil. Men like me at least have the Devil!"

THEIR tour of degeneracy includes several bars, a wake, a carnival, an emergency hospital, houses of sick repute (predictable screams from the next room, where the dwarf is making avant-garde love), and a homosexual night club. This ludicrous, kaleidoscopic fantasy is uneasily reminiscent of the early Frankenstein and Dracula movies in which the intended grotesque becomes laughable.

Modern man's loss of individuality, his important search for decent roots are vital materials for any novelist, and as we become increasingly like one another in our solitude they become almost necessary parts of any honest writer's critique of our lives. Kafka's bewildered, one-lettered wonderer, Dostoevski's urbanized underground man, Ralph Ellison's fleeing Negro are all literary embodiments of aloneness, but only because they have been created with imagination, artistry and love. Mr. Verissimo's slim allegory of Mr. Average becoming Mr. Abnormal is merely invented and thus no more than a bold, ridiculous failure.

CHARLES SHAPIRO, a member of the Department of English at Wayne University, edited with Alfred Kazin The Stature of Theodore Dreiser.

Books In Brief

Biography

HUE AND CRY. By Patrick Pringle. William Morrow. $4.

HOGARTH'S PROGRESS. By Peter Quennell. Viking. $6.50.

Political corruption, the mores of the underworld and the rate of consumption of gin are among the interests which these two special studies of eighteenth-century England have in common. Mr. Pringle's book tells how the great novelist, Henry Fielding, and his blind brother, John, founded England's first police force in order to combat the crime and disorder that provided Hogarth with some of his liveliest subjects. The Fielding brothers' strongest foe was the incredible, but deeply-rooted fear that an official police force would threaten individual liberty. Although his subject often leads him into horror and sensationalism, Mr. Pringle's major interest is the gradual emergence of modern, humane crime control.

Mr. Quenell does not succeed in making Hogarth interesting as a personality; he seems to have been a man of energy, vanity and theories. But it is impossible to understand Hogarth's work fully without a knowledge of his times, and Mr. Quennell wisely devotes much of his book to a thorough annotation of

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the artist's most famous pictures, and a vivid re-creation of the civilization they represent.—JACOB KORG.

Politics

THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN LIBERALISM. By Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. Longmans, Green. $7.50.

Taking as his standard the classical conception of liberalism as an attitude and including belief in limited representative government and economic freedom for the individual, Arthur Ekirch traces its decline from the beginnings of our national history.

There is a certain air of unreality about this approach because liberalism, as rigidly defined here, could not survive the industrialization and urbanization of society. It would seem to have as little meaning for modern society as the tenets of philosophical anarchism. Therefore the author, professor of history at American University, is undoubtedly justified in holding that the Revolution marked the starting point of liberal decline in America. It is less apparent that this observation has any particular relevance. Despite this reservation, Professor Ekirch has contributed a stimulating interpretation and survey of American development. His chapters on the growth of the garrison state and the cult of national loyalty are a devastating commentary which has the virtue of relating these developments to long-term trends in this society.—H. H. WILSON.

Fiction

THE SPIDER'S HOUSE. By Paul Bowles. Random House. $3.95.

Paul Bowles, the American novelist living in North Africa, has earned considerable popularity as a specialist in violent, exotic stories of Moslems (those depraved by civilization and those with the "pure" fierceness of tradition still intact), and nihilistic American wanderers who are raped, castrated or hypnotized, depending on their circumstances and temperament.

Despite his preoccupation with the baroque, Mr. Bowles has demonstrated a sensitivity to the nature and people of the land he has chosen as his home. In his new novel he not only demonstrates sensitivity, but uses it; his portrait of a changing

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society, losing none of the narrative richness of his earlier books, directs this richness to a wider and more mature perception.

The Spider's House is a novel of the brutality and self-defeating rigidity of two extremes which between them grind down an ancient culture and replace it with political and ideological slogans. The scene is Morocco: Bowles's portrait of French colonial policy—its informers, secret police and mass reprisals against native populations—will shock the Francophiles in his audience. The native nationalists, on the other hand, operate with like fanaticism, attempting to impose half-digested European political dogmas on an ancient system of religion and thought.

With this new awareness of realities, Bowles retains his power to evoke locale. He not only "describes" North African civilization, he places his reader in closest possible relation to it. He uses point of view superbly and perhaps daringly, since the terms of the mind processes he recreates are often far removed from Western readers. *The Spider's House* is in many ways his most powerful, certainly his most convincing volume.—STANLEY COOPERMAN.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE AMERICAN Opera Society ended its season with Offenbach's *La Perichole,* which reminded one of the remarkable gifts this composer employed to entertain his public. Offenbach may not be "the founder of the modern school of musical comedy" that the society's program notes say he was (the *Harvard Dictionary of Music* gives von Suppe as his contemporary), but he was one of the first composers of the genre and remains one of the most brilliant to this day. His delightful melodies and amusing lyrics—with an assist from skillful orchestration—work together as effectively as those of Gilbert and Sullivan, the Gershwins, Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter and other such accomplished practitioners.

In dealing with serious opera the society has modified concert performance to the extent of having the singer make entrances and exits and do a little miming; and I once mentioned the fact that having singers stand in front of an orchestra and act characters of antiquity in present-day tails and evening gowns produced results that sometimes were embarrassing or absurd. With Offenbach's opera bouffe, comic effect was one of the objectives of the production that placed the orchestra on one side of the Town Hall stage and the chorus on the other, leaving a cleared central space for the singers to act their parts in fuller detail. And comic effect was achieved by things like the stylized movements of the Three Cousins, or the disguising of the Viceroy dressed in tails with a huge mustache and a market-basket full of vegetables. But Jennie Tourel's excessively low-cut gown and excessive coquetry were embarrassing in the absence of the allure which they presumed. She sang well, however; Leopold Simoneau sang beautifully and did an amusing impersonation of an amiable drunk; there were good performances by Martial Singher, Shirlee Emmons, Janet Southwick and Saralee Liss; and the orchestra and chorus were conducted effectively by Arnold U. Gamson.

AS AGAINST the old Glyndebourne Festival *Marriage of Figaro* that Busch made mercurially swift and light, suave and elegant, the new Glyndebourne performance conducted by Gui on the four records of Victor LHMV-6401 is slow-moving and sharply pointed up for dramatic sense. But Gui not only lessens the effect of the section of the second-act finale beginning with the Count's *Vostre dunque saran questa carta* by pacing it too slowly; he also destroys the effect of the Count's and Countess' spellbound amazement, which Susanna comments on with her *Signore! Cos' e quel stupore?* by playing the passage too fast. The most beautiful singing is Jurinac's as the Countess; Cuenod creates an outstanding Basilio with his remarkable inflection and coloring of his voice; and Ian Wallace's Bartolo and Monica Sinclair's Marcellina are good. But Graziella Sciutti's Susanna is a little sharp-edged; Bruscantini is a dry-and rough-voiced Figaro; Calabrese is a rough-sounding Count; and Rise Stevens is a plushy-voiced Cherubino. A feature that calls for mention is the dramatically pointed and witty harpsichord accompaniment of the recitative by Raymond Leppard. But another is the dry recorded sound. The performance is, then, not without attractive features; but as a whole it is one I advise against.

On the other hand Gui's conducting makes the Glyndebourne Festival performance of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* on the two records of Victor LHMV-600 one of the most extraordinary examples of the combined operation of operatic performance ever put on records. De Gabarain, in the title role, produces an occasional shrill high note and hasn't all the agility needed in *Non piu mesta;* but otherwise her voice and style are superb, and so is the singing of Oncina, Bruscantini and Wallace. It is Gui who is responsible not only for the singers' style but for the orchestra's beautiful tone and sharp-witted phrasing, the clarity of the ensemble of voices and orchestra, the sustained tension and exciting cumulative effect in the concerted numbers, and even, I am sure, the remarkable accompanying of the recitative by Bryan Balkwill. And luckily the performance is reproduced with marvelous clarity and beauty.

THE FOUR records of London XLLA-37 offer an outstanding performance of Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*—one, that is, with enough beautiful singing by Tebaldi, Simionato, Bastianini, Siepi and Corena to make one willing to put up with del Monaco's unattractively and at times unpleasantly dry, tight and rough voice. The excellent orchestra and chorus of the Saint Cecilia Academy are conducted by Molinari-Pradelli, who paces and shapes the performance well. The recorded sound is excellent with a 10,000-cycle cut-off.

The three records of London XLLA-39 provide an opportunity to hear Donizetti's unfamiliar *La Favorita,* and to discover that it is characteristic not only in several outstandingly beautiful melodic struc-

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tures but in its other effective writing. This time Simionato's voice, in the title role, is clouded at times by strong vibrato; but far more damaging to the performance is Gianni Poggi's combination of unattractive tone, quaver and strain in the higher tenor range. The singing of Bastianini and Hines, however, is excellent; and the orchestra and chorus of the Florence Festival perform well under Erede's direction. The libretto accompanying the records provides a text which is largely different from the one that is sung.

As it happens, a few of the most beautiful melodic structures are among the excerpts from *La Favorita* on Angel 35322; and the unfamiliar young singers who are heard on the record include a tenor, Dino Formichini, whose resonant, easily flowing voice is a pleasure after del Monaco and Poggi. The mezzo-soprano of Vittoria Garofalo is dry and has a strong vibrato; the baritone of Otello Borgonovo and bass of Paolo Washington are fair; and Glauco Curiel conducts the unidentified orchestra and chorus acceptably.

TELEVISION

Anne Langman

TELEVISION is roundly, and often justly, whipped by serious folk for its low aims and lower achievements. But every now and then TV promises, even as the bad boy of the story books, qualities of maturity which belong peculiarly to this medium: freedom to move around in space and thought; ability to respond quickly and sensitively to the concerns of the audience, to make people and issues close and real.

This was well demonstrated by the recent discussions on the Columbia Broadcasting System, starting with a *See It Now* program entitled "The Farm Problem — A Crisis of Abundance." This was followed several weeks later by what has been affectionately called the double rebuttal: first Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson requested and received a half hour of "equal time" to reply; then the Democratic Senators Clinton Anderson and Hubert Humphrey were given the same to rebut Benson. This was not a planned series; it came about simply because the interest compelled it.

THE *SEE IT NOW* program was a documentary report. Its producers, Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly, dug into the complexities of the farm enigma and came up with a sweep of film from the wide ranges of the Middle and Far West. Murrow talked with small farmers, big farmers, bankers, mortgage holders, grange members. There were unforgettable moments: the solemn face of a staunch young farmer watching his equipment being auctioned off—and with it his hard-fought struggle to stay on the land; the thoughtful gravity of three neighbors leaning on a rail fence, trying to figure out how they could make ends meet; the great line of silent ships of the "mothball fleet," now storage bins for excess wheat.

There were also a good many facts in this program, succinctly explained by the men who have to live by them. Surpluses, parity, price-fixing, rising costs — it would have been difficult to misunderstand the words the farmers said, particularly difficult when the earnestness of their faces was so close.

Secretary Benson watched this show with Murrow, and at its close was invited to comment. His remarks were confusing. He said that there was no farm problem, implied that the program was a false documentary. Could it be that what seemed so real, so inescapable, was, in Benson's word, the work of a "demagogue"? It is obvious that the material presented was edited to a coherent point of view, as is the work of any correspondent. But in light of the Murrow-Friendly reputation for responsible and honest journalism, their conclusions could not be refuted so crudely.

Apparently, Benson himself felt this and therefore requested his portion of the air. The subsequent rebuttal was an uncomfortable half hour. Some of it Benson devoted to a stilted question-and-answer period, with Senator Thomas Martin of Iowa playing the straight man, and to filmed shots of the Senator on location in Corning, Iowa, one of the towns *See It Now* had visited. Although Martin explained that he was so concerned by the Murrow-Friendly report that he had made

ANNE LANGMAN has worked in radio and television, both as a producer and as a reporter. She came into the area originally as a continuation of her profession of social worker, being for some time Health and Welfare program director for WNYC. As a consultant for the Benjamin Rosenthal Foundation, she produced a film, Home Care, *which brought her to the attention of officials at the American Broadcasting Corporation. Last year ABC asked her to go to the Fast East to record on tape interviews with a number of political and social leaders in that area of the world. She completed that assignment just before Christmas of last year.*

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this trip to check up in person, his behavior in Corning was strikingly inconclusive. The film simply showed the Senator walking down Main Street, shaking an occasional hand—as though he had nothing in mind but the good wishes of the voters.

Some of his time Benson used to explain that if there was a farm problem, it would be because he had inherited high and unsound price-fixing practices from the previous Administration. There is no crisis of abundance, he said, just an imbalance between production and consumption! The comment: "We will use the surplus to eat up the surplus" did nothing to settle the confusion.

Benson was not helped by insufficient preparation and poor technical production. Both he and the Senator appeared ill at ease, missed their cues, seemed frightened and nervous and were poorly lighted.

IN THE LAST round the Democrats took the ring. Senator Anderson of New Mexico gave figures to show the change in the farm picture during the last two decades, concentrating on the last four years. He used half a dozen charts to demonstrate his points; a particularly vivid one showed farm vs. national income in two lines which struggled up and down together until, at the 1952 mark, farm income plunged downwards and national income soared up. "And these are the pincers in which we are caught," said Anderson, pointing with his pencil.

Senator Humphrey of Minnesota took Anderson's place behind the desk with *his* charts, and caused a moment of alarm with the by now too-familiar statement: "There is not a farm problem." He hastened to add that it is instead a national problem. He was effective when he held to dispassionate and lucid explanations (the parity theory he handled with especial skill), and was less than effective when he attacked Benson: the atmosphere favored the expert over the politician.

See It Now is the intelligible and intelligent product of two of the most highly-skilled and completely professional documentary producers in the business. Where Secretary Benson chose to compete with them on their own ground, he was a dismal, amateurish failure. When he made his own statements, he made them from the point of view of personal defense and political passion. He seemed to use TV to sell himself, to parry punches, to win a fight.

Anderson and Humphrey, on the other hand, were for the most part impersonal, objective, their almost professorial attitude being heightened by the use of charts and pointers. Explanation and clarification took the place of special pleading. If there were tricks of production, they were not evident. Each man seemed determined to use every second of his time to say what needed to be said.

The way in which men in politics use television will be important to them in the months to come. The devices of the medium can and must be used, but used selectively and with great caution. Those who are seduced into becoming performers run the risk of being discarded as such. And they are liable to find that "sincerity," by which the trade means a calculated air of honesty, is not enough for the honest air.

Television Forecast

March 17 through 21

(See local papers for time and channel).

Sunday, March 18

OUT OF DARKNESS (CBS). A 90-minute documentary on the prevalence, characteristics and care of mental illness. Narrated by Dr. William C. Menninger and Orson Welles; filmed at Metropolitan State Hospital, Norwalk, California.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Maurice Evans is directing and will star with Lilli Palmer.

Monday, March 19

SPRINGTIME—USA (ABC; The *Voice of Firestone*). A musical pageant tracing the development of America through its music and (for the first time in the 26 years of this program) including jazz. With Rise Stevens, Patrice Munsel, Paul Whiteman, Ray Middleton, Brian Sullivan and the jazz men Peanuts Hucker, Vernon Brown, Bobby Hackett. Helen Hayes, moderator.

Tuesday, March 20

FIVE WHO SHOOK THE MIGHTY (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). A play based on the seizure last year of the Rumanian Legation in Berne by five anti-Communist Rumanians. The men will be tried by the Swiss in April.

Wednesday, March 21

LOST WEEKEND (NBC: Kraft Television Theatre). Adaptation of Charles Jackson's novel, with Jack Lemmon, good recently in The Day Lincoln Was Shot.

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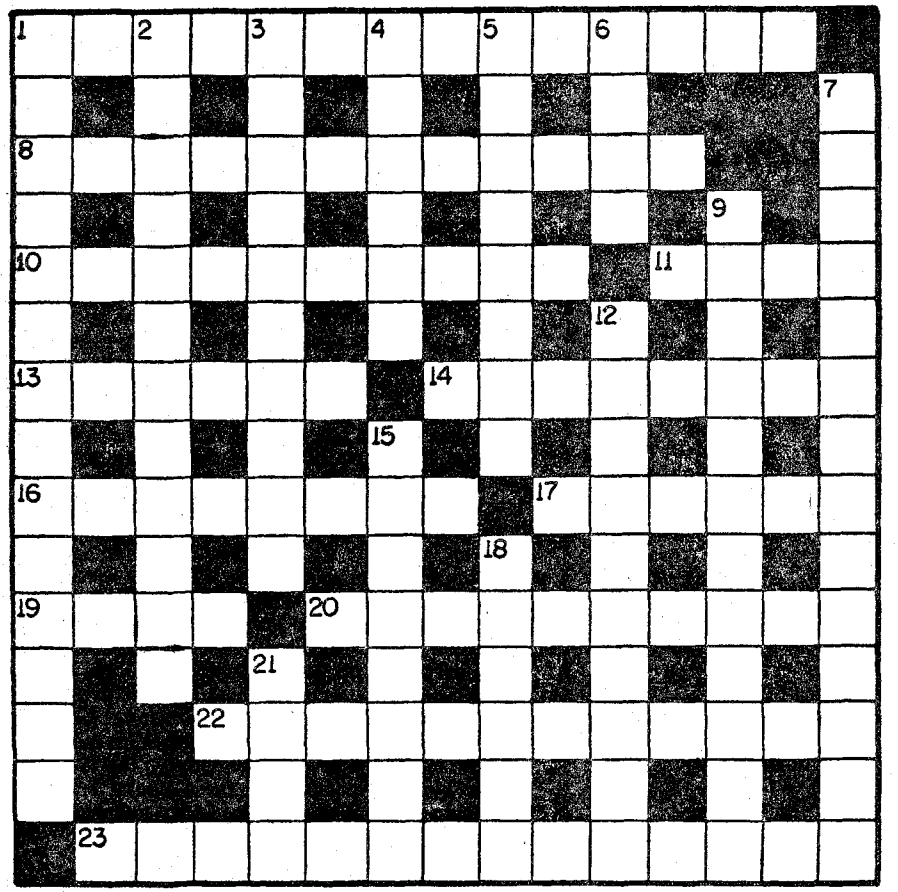
Crossword Puzzle No. 663

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Implies a constant line, rather than reciprocal affection. (4,6,4)

8 Seen at the "Folies" (by those with designs in mind?) (6,6)

10 Look at the drawer! You might get advance notice here. (5,5)

11 and 21 Don't look so hard—it implies the futility of searching for a match. (8)

13 Katherina needed it. (6)

14 Not a particularly high wind. (4,4)

16 Implying digits are carried. (8)

17 Dr. Foster found it only middling. (6)

19 Quite easy to notice in the animal kingdom. (4)

20 Adequately report an incident in either cricket or lacrosse. (5-5)

22 Evidently only half advertising. (12)

23 The swell feeling a good scrubbing might give. (10,4)

DOWN

1 Daytime play? (4,4,6)

2 He might take things as he sees them. (12)

3 Doesn't mean returned (unless at court?). (10)

4 A little check goes wrong about the creatures. (6)

5 The Lares displayed by Carolinians (8)

6 This way one might look like 5 without hats. (4)

7 He doesn't sound like a very slack writer (but might fall behind)! (8,6)

9 A professional fiddler is likely to have one, even though he plays first. (6,6)

12 Probably a rather tricky expression. (5-5)

15 Some mind this, but it's a devilish thing to believe. (8)

18 A pair of mine confused in private, perhaps. (6)

21 See 11 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 662

ACROSS: 1 THE OLD SCHOOL TIE; 9 ESPARTO; 10 ACCOUNT; 11 AIRING; 12 STOICISM; 14 OVEREATING; 15 MEAL; 17 TOPS; 19 EMENDATING; 22 EYEBALLS; 23 NORDIC; 25 ADAMANT; 26 TRAVAIL; 27 DOLLAR DIPLOMACY. DOWN: 1 THE LAY OF THE LAND; 2 EX PARTE; 3 LARYNGES; 4 SPOT; 5 HEARTENING; 6 ORCHID; 7 TAURINE; 8 ENTOMOLOGICALLY; 13 STIMULATED; 16 PAGO PAGO; 18 PREVAIL; 20 INDIANA; 21 MANANA; 24 STOP.

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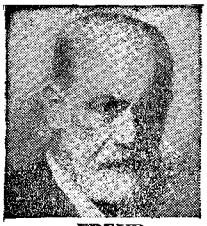
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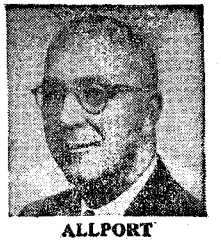
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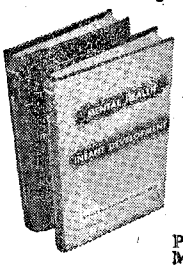

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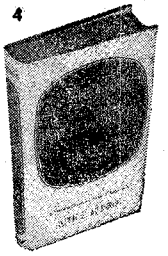

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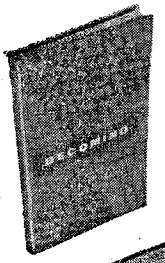

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